

hxlitc Follow

Jul 30

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bein yelled at by ghost. you've been in the army this long, be by sergeants and others alike, majority men—obviously—but them like this. The others you didn't even flinch as they screamed directly into your ears, probably even worse than other men j intimidate you as a woman.

You caught him in a bad mood and it seemed completely unwork, but as his partner and soldier, he had to tell you things didn't want to hear.

"Hey, I got your message Simon, didn't mean for that to happen let it happen again." You place some things of yours down on dresser as you enter his quarters. He's standing there in thou unreadable.

His mask is still on with his gear connected to his body.

"Damn right, you won't." He gruffs, heavy in his accent.

All you could do was question what this meant. Would he no it again? Were you being thrown in a different squad?

"What does that mean?" You stop your moving for a direct al almost took that personally.

He explains, "You made an impulsive decision that would half our unit being taken out. The amount we sent to that bu more than usual."

"I understand, and that was on me. In my defense though: it suggestion in the moment, one that the other members also agreed to. It wasn't just me." You giggle, even though you're aren't giggling matters. You just needed to lighten the mood.

"There were 35 men in that building alone. Led by Gaz and K

He fully pronounced the words, turning to you aggressively. I known this was the severity of his mood, you never would've him in any type of way. This was when he had to be your bos

"I understand but—"

"It doesn't matter who agreed! You are seen as a leader stanc me and you introduced the idea. I cannot be there to stop yo

time you do something stupid.” His eyes were laced with anger that arose out of the protection built for his squad over

“Every time?”

He said that like you did something stupid every day. He’s had missions before too, and we should all just be happy everyone’s back safe. Well, maybe one or two. He quickly turns to you, back to his spot.

“Every bloody time. It’s the mission before that. Then that. You keep jeopardizing this team.”

Despite the offense you took to his words, you understood him

“I understand.” You speak. For the night, you split off into your quarters, not wanting to anger him any more than you already have. You’ll just have to be better with your decisions. There’s more at stake in your life on the line now.

The next few days, you’ve been kind of standoffish, hoping to win him back when he was feeling so. Instead, you were all assigned to one they’d put you in charge of. Naturally, you’d felt it best to prove yourself and win his attention back. He was still Simon, and you loved him.

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You all returned back to base with a more than successful mission on your belt. This made you extremely happy, as it’s finally a good day to speak to him.

You approach his door, then knock. You never knock.

A deep, “Come in,” is all you get.

You walk in to him sitting at his desk, his back to the door.

“Hey,” is all you can muster. You’d had the balls to walk in, but he’s still a scary man. Your hands come down from his shoulders over his biceps.

“I’m sorry for the past few days. I hope I redeemed myself?”

“Hm,” He grunts, standing from his desk and filing papers in his drawers. This made you a little wary.

“Are you feeling okay Simon?” You fiddle your fingers together and watch him walk around to the other side of the table.

“Fuckin’ fabulous.”

Your hands drop. You’d expected something, or some type of. Instead, you got this.

“What’s wrong? I thought I did good this time?”

“Is there something you want?” He shoots back. You glance around the room, then the floor. “No? Alright then.” He continues if you aren’t there. You stand in disbelief.

“What has got you so upset Simon? You can talk to me.”

“Did ya come in my room with nothin to say? What are you here for?” He snaps back.

This was a knife in the heart. You’d been terrified of the busin of your relationship engulfing the rest, but you didn’t want to. Maybe that wasn’t the case. Maybe it wasn’t you.

“Literally what is your problem?” You wanted to yell, but you wasn’t in your nature. It didn’t feel right yelling at *him*.

You attempt to walk to his front, hoping that seeing your face bring him some sense of calmness or bring him back down to that was long gone. He’d lost all professionalism or softness.

Or maybe that was just it, and there was too *much* professio

You reach him and plead, “Simon please, let me help y-“

“Fuckin’ hell, I don’t need your *goddamn* help!”

His head whips around, and that was all it took for you to rea severity of everything going on. You’d physically retracted ba flinched. It’d been a long time since you’d done that.

“What do you want?” He throws the pen he’d held to the wal could see, you’d say there was a visible dent. That was your s back, and you only took more as he came forward powerfully enlarging with each step.

“I-“

“Do you want me to praise you for your fuckin’ job? Now that decided to take it seriously?” He growls.

This was completely untrue, it wasn’t easy getting into 141, a take anything *but* seriousness. Despite this, it didn’t take aw how his voice seemed to reverberate through your bones. Yo

retreating from him the best you could, but you didn't want to go away, afraid it'd make him angrier.

Your hands felt around behind you as you got closer and closer to the wall, but not before detecting a small table that almost had you stumbling backwards when you knocked it over. Along with the pens, a vase fell, shattering about and leaving tiny shards for you to step on the one day you decided not to wear the house slippers. The house always made fun of you for.

He could literally take your breath away, but the piercing sense of fear under you couldn't compare to the expression he wore that was dripping with malice. You felt like prey under a predator, caged behind a wall with nowhere to go.

Your back hit with a *thump*, your hands flying back to the wall to support your figure. You'd wanted to put them between you two, to prevent him from coming closer, but it wouldn't work. So now you searched for separation by forcing your cheek against the wall, frantically darting back and forth between nothing in particular and a raging man towering over you. You don't think you could look at him anymore.

You whisper, "*S-Simon. Please-*"

He was so close his breath was to your ear as he leaned over. You were scared. In fact, you'd spoke it so lightly, you don't even remember if it was just a thought.

"*This*," he was referring to today, "is absolute bare minimum to take orders, then get it done with the least. Casualties. Do you understand me?" He enunciates every part of the sentence, so deep and low but strong that you had no choice but to engrave it in your brain. He was infuriated.

You didn't want to breathe too hard, afraid it'd also upset him, so your shortness of breath had you quickly nodding. The last words were trembling.

"Do you *fuckin'* understand me?" His words seem to shake the room, booming loud and clear enough to make you flinch again and squeeze shut. It was even worse than before—you were terrified.

He made you feel like a little girl again, answering to her father. You could never seem to impress no matter what she did. That's why she joined the army. So *she* could be in charge.

But it didn't stop because your eyes had to blink open to real time bomb called a response was ticking, just like his already patience. It also didn't stop things from getting blurry, and b knew or could stop it, there was a tear gathering that eventually released to your cheek.

"Y-yes sir," you whimper on unsteady breath, Closing your eyes he would retreat. He was there for a little longer, but once your presence leave back into the heart of his room, you still didn't inch. You eventually shuffled uncomfortably to the door, not feeling okay enough to close it behind you. You dashed as fast as you could go with millions of tiny glass in their feet, and before they you shut your door and fell to your butt with your back pressed against it and cried.

It'd been so long since you've cried over this specific issue; you'd left it behind you. You technically had, but it was reassignment fatigued you, and you were so exhausted, but the only way you didn't lay your head down in the bed and fall asleep was that would distribute painfully throughout your sheets.

You wrapped your feet and slipped into the night with the occasional sob.

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Sometime in the night, your locked room was intruded, assuming the one man graced with a key. Large hands scooped you up effortlessly, before bringing your head to one shoulder. You finally fell asleep into your forehead.

He whispered things to you, things you couldn't hear, but you were held protectively with his strong hand over your ear. You'd been in another bed, one that smelled like him. He removed the tape from your feet and *actually* cleaned your wounds before tucking you in, sliding in beside you.

He felt like he didn't deserve it, the guilt enough to bring him down but he also felt like he didn't deserve to cry. So instead, he tucked his head into his body closer, praying the sleeping version of you would recognize this as an apology until the morning.

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#cod mwf2 #cod mwii #cod x reader #cod mw2 #ghost
#cod modern warfare #ghost x reader #ghost #simon ghost

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Aug 2

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[ghost yellin pt. 2!! \(and 2k followers. omg.\)](#)[pt. 1~~~ \(mention of blood n knives n stuff in here\)](#)

It was still early in the morning when your puffy eyes blink at the mission that had your arrival around 3-ish in the morning the crack of dawn, which meant the start of your day, mission.

The warmth you had longed for encased you, but today, it felt unfamiliar.

You hadn't forgotten about yesterday (or earlier today). And what happened upset you, you'd still wanted him, so you could comfort your father never gave you after an argument. You'd received a genuine apology from him, just an offer for new stuff to go to your favorite restaurant that day.

Even in anguish after what he did, you still wanted his touch. It may have been what you thought, because now you were peeling strong arms off you, and creeping to the bedside. You cautiously moved your legs over and slowly step to the door, but even though you were going unbelievably slow, the pain underneath your feet made

"Wait--"

There's a gruff voice that your back is turned to, making you realize his realization he was awake. You had been taught all your life to stay on your fight or flight response flickers, but he noticed how you bolted towards your room.

He had been awake the whole time. He'd vouched to himself that he wouldn't close his eyes until your breaths were regular again, but after they had, he'd barely gotten any sleep. If he had tears left, one would've slipped.

Whenever he did fall to the night, in any circumstance, his body physically would prevent him from staying such. He was a light to another extreme. His body was trained by none other than discipline and instinct. So when he felt you raising his arm, he'd awake and watched you do everything silently.

He would've said something, but he didn't know what. An apology would sound fake in this situation.

Ghost was a hands-on man, so he moved. His large body flip covers off him and hastily brought itself to you.

The last time you'd let him get close, he screamed in your face an involuntary step back, but had you thought about it you probably would've taken it anyway. His quick steps pause.

He gazes into your frozen eyes, glistening and pretty even in the underneath carrying fear and shock.

Seeing him, one side of you wanted to apologize for not taking seriously, even though you did, or say you were sorry for the things he mentioned. And you may have when you were 13, but you were a strong woman that built off men's bullshit over the years to hold your ground.

He shrunk himself and moved effectively before you. No unnecessary movements.

"Please. Wait."

You could tell he was trying to make his voice soft, but the accent just did not allow it. He was trying though.

Do you book it, or stay?

You stay, to hear him. He recognizes your stance as one specifically military-taught, ready to move.

"I didn't mean to yell at you. I should've been better," he started to realize even with small issues, he was an okay apologetic person. You're the last person who deserved that."

He inspected the way you heard him but just stood there awkward. You were never awkward around him. In fact, he was the awkward one.

His heart dropped at how visibly uncomfortable you looked. He wanted to touch you—to take all your problems away, but it wouldn't be the right time. Not when he was the problem.

Ghost was the type of person to do anything for you, *anything*. He was your back. You were the only one who saw him as Simon now, but the others died or were killed. He ruined that.

He let the mask get the best of him, finally turning into the scary man the world sees him as, everyone but you. You'd never been *afraid* of him, and he himself had changed that.

So in the silence he scans your beautiful eyes again, the bright ones usually reflect gone and replaced. You blink at him like a puppy.

scared puppy. Simon's heart drops to his stomach.

He'd made you cry. *He'd made you cry.*

He wasn't expecting forgiveness, or your usual unconditional love. The silence was too much to bear. He knows what he did, but genuinely has no idea how he could make it up to you. Once the conversation was over, and that's all he had to say, you turned your head and limp past the doorway to your room. You were going home again.

But that was far from what he *wanted* to say.

He didn't realize it when a tear of his own bundled up under his eyelashes, a feeling so rare that people's jokes about him being a coward could seem true. It had been so long, but watching you sadly walk away from him was enough.

The door was wide open, but he stood there, feeling more useless than he ever had.

These were the times he wished his mother was here. To tell her what he'd done. To spread the emotional knowledge of loving someone so much that he'd hurt you, something she had perfected over the years. Instead, he picked up the brutalities of his father. And he will never forgive himself for that.

You'd avoided him for an entire day, almost two, despite being in such close proximity and having to do everything with the squad. He didn't know whether to leave you be or try again and again. Ultimately, he picked the first. That didn't mean there weren't subtle things he was paying attention to though.

He couldn't think about yelling again. But it was only at you. Not at everyone else who was graced with their lieutenant in a worse manner than he's usually in, but they wouldn't dare ask what was up or say anything to you. Actually, they had barely spoken to you like they had before.

Ghost was rarely in the common room anyway, but now he was tucked away in his quarters. He preserved his words, though they were still snappy. He had an attitude, yes, but he'd come to his senses enough to reflect and prevent himself from saying anything potentially hurtful.

He'd cherished the moments you had no choice but to be close to a lot more than before, and his voice was barely even the tone of his speech. Because now, *he* was scared.

He'd seen how bad relationships can turn, and it doesn't help that he's seen all his life ruining what a woman gave him. He wants to be like that. And if he already has been, he tries to clear his head at night by running through his head "*you're already better than trying to fix it,*" like a mantra. He's cried the nights without you like he was floating away all the time, away from the Earth and the people around him. He barely knows himself anymore.

Little does he know, the time spent without him converted your love to anger. Rage.

He has the audacity to scream in your face? After all you do for him. After you put your life on the fucking line and take bullets for him every day?

With your father, it never did convert to anger, because you're not a child. Being a child, you were way too dependent on him emotionally and physically. *He was still your dad*, you'd think.

And yes, while you loved Simon, there wasn't the biological connection to pressure you to him. He was just a man. And if there's anything you've learned yourself, it was that you wouldn't be pushed around.

So the day progressed on with an assignment. The troops were waiting outside, Ghost in charge.

He had made an order to surround the building, stay hidden. A few would push in. They were armed and dangerous.

His voice was loud through the comms, going directly through the headset clear as day. Your team pressed forward alongside him, making every order around the fact that you needed to be right behind him, always in view, so he could keep his watchful eye out.

You crouched around the corner, waiting for command. You held the mic to your own squad, instructing them to watch for third-party threats while everyone's idle.

The second he calls it, you all infiltrate right after smoke grenades go off. It was quickly cleared of the criminal within a few minutes. There weren't many to take out, just a few in nooks and crannies. One of them had caught you through a closet door. It had small windows in it.

A quick sharp pain let you know there was a knife drilled into it. It was small, and could be a lot deeper, but it still hurt like a kick.

You had taken worse, so you gunned him down with a swift kick and ignored it. The adrenaline was medicine.

Once everyone returned to base with evac, people noticed the red on your uniform but brushed it off as a battle scar. Until the knife. It would be stupid to remove it.

"That looks pretty bad, you should get that patched up," someone said. Someone you didn't know, probably from another unit. You're saying *no shit* and keep walking to the infirmary.

You finally decide to remove it with added pressure to the wound. The gauze close and the slim slit through your skin tight. The pain was wearing off now and everything started to come back to you. You groan loudly when you touch it.

Red stains your fingers. It wasn't deep but it had to be pulled out. Standing would be hard. You sit to see what you were doing.

"*Fuck!*" you yell.

The pain was ten times worse when you sat down, the fold of the skin at the hip right underneath the opening. You feel like you could feel the knife scraping other parts of your insides.

Suddenly the door opens. No one other than Ghost stands there, looking for the source of the cry. Once he locates you, he barely hears him murmur "*bloody hell.*" You glance up at him, down to what you were doing. He tries to ignore the equivalent of his heart at that, the one that matched the way his face dropped in sight of you. You would be able to see the white of his eyes through the mask if you'd look at him.

You were unconsciously trembling, attempting to mentally pull yourself to pull the knife out slow. The man before you just watches.

"Get out," you demanded.

"No," he calmly replies. Once again, barely above a whisper, but with accent.

You visibly roll your eyes and continue picking at the knife, the easiest way to retrieve it. Of course Ghost would take this near you when you can't run away from him.

He removes his gloves and opens the cabinets beside him, getting peroxide and other medical things. He walks to you with them and you bring it upon yourself to completely ignore him.

He steadily drops to a knee in front of you so you see eye to eye. He hisses when you pull at one side and it doesn't work.

Softly, he breaks the silence, "When did this happen?"

No response. He was looking you dead in the eyes despite his lack of eye contact he usually is.

"When did-"

"Earlier, Lieutenant." You speak. He knows this was your dig. It worked, but he brushes it off.

He reaches his bare hands rid of the supplies up to help you. He's mad at nobody other than himself for not being there.

"Stop," you shoo his hand away, tending back to your wound. Though he wanted to help, he backed off.

To be honest, you had no idea what you were doing, and he's had this happen a thousand times. He was inevitably better at anything compared to you.

"How did it happen?" He waits. Wasting time talking to him while you bleed out. The knife was a little under halfway visible.

"I was taking my job seriously, Lieutenant."

He cringes at the words he's shameful to call his own. He wants more than for you to at least be on speaking terms with him, that he knows he doesn't deserve. He sighs deeply.

"I'm sorry, let me help you. Please," he begs.

"I don't want your help, and you don't want mine. So we can't do this way."

What he said that night was far from true; you did more than he. He was *dependent* on you. He surveys the way you hiss, straining feeling, attempting to take deep breaths between the pain, only making it worse. He won't let everything you're throwing at him break him down in this state.

"Grab it from the top, do it all at once. Then stop the blood flow immediately."

You huff in annoyance at his words, causing yourself pain from irritation. But, he did know what he was doing, so you follow his orders. He inspects you.

You tug on the knife with a painful deep breath and moan at shutting your eyes. The view alone gives Simon whatever you need tenfold.

It only goes up about a centimeter. It hurt so bad though, your hands were heavy and enhancing the stinging sensation. Your audit was enough for the man in front of you to take action.

You almost forgot how mad you were at him from the pain, so your hands reached up to you, you just let them. His right hand applied pressure to the sides. He couldn't care that it stained his rough, pale hands. He rests on your hand planted on the seat, then he instructs you to lie down. It'll avoid scratching any more areas inside by stretching.

"Relax. It'll hurt, but you got it."

You don't respond to this, and stare up at the ceiling. You still want to look at him.

Simon has to remember you were still fairly untouched in combat. His background in the military, the scars and scratches prove he's been there. He's not used to being gentle. He's around grown men for god's sake.

And while he knows you're strong, he wishes someone took away from him some vulnerability back then.

You're on your back, awaiting his next move. He hovers over you.

"I'm gonna count to three, alright? I know you can do it."

You blink, but he knows you can hear him. Somehow it hurts to breathe so your chest runs shallow.

"One," he starts.

Were you ready? He was going to-

You scream loud enough to have the entire base questioning what he was going on before he gets to three, but Simon's face doesn't falter. He keeps his soft expression as he accurately rips the object out of your hands. Your hands subconsciously reach for his, then grip him with a purpose you didn't even know you possessed. You yelled a long line of words with tears pricking at the corners of your eyes until it all ended. It came.

You were heaving and your face was hot, sweat gathering along your hairline.

"There you go," he praises, his movements were quick and a bandage was being placed over the filled injury. "Good girl."

You were breathless, tired, and red. You wanted to lay down.

"It hurts, Simon," you whisper.

"I know, I know baby."

You laid in bed with the dinner one of the soldiers brought you. A few walks in sometime later, his hand cupped.

"You alright?"

He steps in beside your bed, sitting on the covers. He releases the painkillers right next to the water on your nightstand.

You just nod.

He nods approvingly back, then rests his forearms on his thighs, creating an uncomfortable silence. An *uncomfortable* silence.

The ink on his arm was visible along with the scars he's carrying, some new, some old. It's a simple t-shirt that stops at the bicep, but he likes to have his arms out because he's never comfortable with them out.

"I just wanted to say--"

"I...don't want to hear it." You shut him down.

"Please?"

His ocean eyes survey yours for some type of mercy, some hope. He hears him out again. He has concluded that he can speak, but what can happen is you'll stop listening. You can't really walk away.

And this was the first time his *please* seemed to end with a clear mark.

"I didn't mean to yell, but I did, and it hurt you. Even though I know you, I did it as a partner. Not just a comrade. You are great at what you do, but you mean a lot more to me than just business—I love you because you see me differently than everyone else."

Knowing Simon, it probably did take him the whole day and :
come up with that and relay it. This tugged your heart string:
then it all came back to you.

“On top of calling me useless you yelled in my face. What we
angry for anyway?”

Truthfully, he felt that had he told you the real reason, it’d m
look worse. But you deserved it.

“One of the soldiers in another unit looked into my backgrou
out about an old mission and the people behind it.”

You hadn’t known much about Simon’s life, because he neve
about it, but you knew enough. It was the mission where he v
Betrayed.

You would be pissed too.

But his head hung low in shame, angry that he let an old part
rekindle in the form of fury. He let out said fury on you.

“Regardless, it was uncalled for. Just think on it, yeah?” He p
not sure what he’s telling you to think on, though he doesn’t
active status of your relationship. But he understands how d
what he did was, and he’ll never forgive himself for it.

But you already had an answer.

“I don’t have to think on it,” you say.

His head whips around, the sadness on his face replaced wit
and the crinkles coming to form between his brows in confu:
expected the worst, but the worst was what he deserved.

“I’m still very upset. But I don’t hate you. I want you to go to
you insist.

On the inside, Simon was thrilled. This is the best outcome, b
anything he’d conjured up in his head, and he’d been told a b
to go to therapy. If it meant being able to hold you again, he’
whole day on a little couch instead of downing prescribed m
that wasn’t working every night.

“I’ll think about what to do from there. But I don’t want it to l
again, because I *promise* I know what my decision will be the
you declare. He took this message more seriously than he ta
some days. There was a fire in your eyes to show him how se

were, and that you'd get up extra close to him just to point y
his face if you could.

He understood you hadn't forgave him, but was giving him s
redemption. So he could prove himself.

And he was damn good at proving himself worthy of things,
Lieutenant in front of his name.

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